

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

Suck

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THE GREAT AMERICAN QUACK.
A GOOD REMEDY IN BAD HANDS.

PUCK.

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 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

VOLUME XII.



Five-years-and-a-half ago a youth, in whose appearance modesty and self-confidence were singularly and beautifully blended, made his appearance in North William Street. It was in March. The weather was unpleasant. But you would never have inferred that from his costume. The fact is, it has to be a pretty low temperature to constitute a cold day for PUCK. The young man was enthusiastically welcomed by a choice, yet somewhat limited circle of admirers, to whom he kissed his hand with the grace of a Spanish grandee. Then he shied his castor into the ring, stepped in after it, and in about four rounds he knocked out every comic paper that had ever been started on earth, and his circle of admirers stretched until it went all around the world.

Of course, he didn't have it all his own way. People of depressed intellect and a low state of moral convictions didn't like him. He made it so malarious for shams and humbugs that he distressed a great many eminently respectable gentlemen, most of whom are now in Europe, trying the effect of a change of air on other people's money. Why, the land-leaguers didn't like him! Some of them could read, and they didn't like the



edithorials, begorra; and they wrote to the Edithur, be the powers, and they threatened to dynamite him. And then there were the men who thought they knew how to run a paper better than anybody else. And then there were the people whose little pet and particular and private corns were trodden upon, and they didn't like him. But when chill blasts of disapprobation blew upon him, he only gathered his dress-coat close about him and laughed behind his opera hat.



For the good people loved him. The great mass of the people hailed him. He told the truth. He sympathized with their troubles. He was the champion of all that was honest and good. Even party spite was shamed before his independence. Men learned to put aside small prejudices and encourage him in his work for the good of the people at large. They saw that he asked no reward save their friendship; that he had no mean ends to serve; that he did his work in a straightforward and manly fashion, and, realizing that they had indeed found a friend, they gave him their hands and their hearts. And it is to these people, for whose sake he is ever fighting against corruption in office, monopoly in business and snobbery in society, that PUCK once more kisses his fingers, preliminary to celebrating his five-and-a-halfth birthday after his own acrobatic fashion.



There are two purely American institutions which are too much for the Irish "servant-girl." One is the kerosene-can, made famous by a thousand paragraphers. The other is the exiled patriot, made notorious by himself. We call him an American institution because he is found nowhere save in this land of the free and home of the blatherskite. The kerosene-can is, perhaps, more powerful than the patriot. For the kerosene-can alone can put a stop to the patriot's draughts on his country-woman's savings. And certainly a good healthy kerosene-can, used to accelerate the kindling of the matutinal fire, does more execution than all the dynamite the poor, hard-working victim's shillings and pence ever bought for cowardly skirmishing against Great Britain. For that dynamite is mostly bought in a liquid form, and stowed in the exiled patriot's intestines. Why, oh, why, can't the poor girls have the dynamite, while the patriots struggle with the ignited kerosene-can?

Mr. Blaine sounds the first trumpet flourish for the 1884 Presidential campaign. In his recent speech, at Portland, he showed that he still has some rather strong Presidential aspirations, and that he has quite got over the setback he experienced at the Chicago Convention. He said: "For twenty-one years past, last March, the destiny of the United States of America, in so far as that destiny can be controlled by a political party, has been in the keeping of the Republican party." Further he remarks: "If there be any chapter of history in which human progress has been so rapid, in which human rights have been guaranteed so firmly and enlarged so grandly as within that period, I am ignorant of where to look for it and where to find it."

All of this is exceedingly eloquent, soul-stirring and beautiful. But is it true? We do not think it is. The last ten or twelve years of the Republican administration have been anything but a credit to the party, and ought to have caused it to have been turned out of its position long before this, if a worthier party were in existence to supply its place. But although it is more than doubtful if the Democrats would have done any better, Mr. James G. Blaine makes a grand mistake if he imagines that the old pieces of armor used in former Republican campaigns will answer in the next one. They are not only old-fashioned, unwieldy and out of date, but they are quite useless for purposes of either attack or defense.

The war-record cuirass and abolition casque are good, but they are not in accord with the rest of the equipment. It is not necessary for us to give a list of the matters on which the great Republican, Mr. Blaine, cannot plume himself with decency. Has he forgotten the Credit-Mobilier, the Mulligan letters, the political assessments, the score of thieving rings which flourished within his party, and a thousand other scandals—not omitting that little Peruvian muddle—that have eternally disgraced it? If he has, his memory must be excessively short. No, Mr. Blaine, if you don't feel inclined to aid in forming a nice, new, clean party, throw aside the useless lance of personal magnetism, abandon that flaming monopoly sword, and cast away all your rococo equipment to put on armor and use weapons that will be more effective.

Attached to your light and willowy lance let there be the banner of real civil service reform. Let your shield be emblazoned with the legend: "No Assessments." On your breast-plate "Tariff Reform" must stand out in bold letters, and your trusty sword should be made of the finest tempered "Anti-Monopoly" steel. Success, even with all these, cannot be assured; but they will, at least, give you a chance of victory. Why don't you try them on?

We do not wish to be considered premature, but we imagine that the opportunity will soon be afforded us of tendering our sympathies to Mr. Wadsworth for his disappointment at being neither elected nor nominated as governor of this state. Of course Mr. Wadsworth is not to blame. If any other paper than the *Herald* were to take charge of Mr. Wadsworth's canvass it might possibly result in success; but the *Herald's* advocacy is unfortunately almost always death to a candidate for any office. Perhaps it is because, in its well-meant enthusiasm, it overdoes the business and raises expectations that are not likely to be fulfilled when the claims of the much-praised candidate are examined by cold-blooded politicians. Mr. Wadsworth may make a very desirable governor, but there are probably better men for the office. In any case, the Panacea Wadsworthine, while put up by our great American Dr. Dulcamara, will not do, especially while countenanced by Mr. Conkling as liveried coachman of the *Herald* medicine-wagon.

We're now in the month of September,

We'll soon shoot the Panama hat,

And in idle moments remember

The sea-side, the girls and all that,

While a sweet dream of Summer

Across me enchantingly steals,

The joy that a warrior feels

We'll feel, and we'll never feel glummer

Than the iceman, the hackman or plumber,

For from him who in newspapers deals

We'll buy PUCK ON WHEELS.

For Sale Everywhere.

Price 25 Cents.

HIS BLIND POOL.

He walked into the down-town office of the President of the New York, Mississippi, Lake Shore and Alaska Central Railroad, and explained to a clerk that he wished to see the head of the concern on important business. His clothes looked as if Mr. Robeson had been repairing them in company with the navy. His Derby hat had seen better days—a very long while ago—and he probably had on a shirt, although no evidences of it were visible, owing to his very highly polished frock-coat, which almost made a mirror in the outer office blush for itself.

"What is the nature of your business?" demanded the clerk.

"I must see the principal himself, young man. It would ill become me to discuss a matter of great moment with a subordinate," replied the visitor.

He was ushered into the presence of the great capitalist.

"What can I do for you, sir?" said the disciple of Plutus.

"You will permit me to take a chair?"

The railroad magnate nodded assent, and the new-comer took off his hat, ran his fingers through his matted hair, cleared his throat and spoke:

"I have called with the object of inducing you to go into a blind pool. It is my intention to interest several other capitalists in the matter, but I call first on you."

"No, sir, I am not disposed to do anything of the kind, and—"

"Permit me to explain," interrupted the visitor: "A large amount will not be required, and the profit is certain."

"What is the nature of the speculation?" asked the railroad president.

"Pardon me," said the blind pool man, clearing his throat: "you do not appear to understand precisely the conditions under which a blind pool is managed. It is essential to its success that you should not know anything about the details of the arrangement. You simply hand over the money to me. I attend to all the rest, and hand you a check for your share of the profit when the matter is closed up. I am not permitted to tell you in what particular stock we intend to operate. You must trust to my honor and integrity."

"But I don't know you; besides, how much money do you want?"

"Look, sir, upon my honest lineaments, and then tell me if any better introduction is needed!" exclaimed the visitor, with a touch of reproach in his tone: "Ten thousand dollars would be required for my purpose."

"No, sir; I don't wish to have anything to do with your blind pool, or you either."

"You will pardon me if I venture to remark that I think you are just the least little bit hasty. Take a bird's-eye view of the market. We find that railroad bonds are quiet, but strong, and that Texas and Pacific land grant incomes have advanced $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to $66\frac{1}{2}$. Of course there is a trifling disappointment among the sanguinary bulls, who hoped that yesterday's improvement was a prelude to a sustained advance, and considerable satisfaction among the bears, who placed no faith in the movement and backed their incredulity by selling freely. Again, look at the rate for call loans. They have ranged at six per cent, but now there are easier rates for sterling. I tell you, sir, that everything is bullish, in spite of the quietness of foreign exchange, the fall in Paris rentes and the approaching gubernatorial campaign."

"Your views will not alter my decision," remarked the capitalist, petulantly.

"It is just as well that you should hear me out," said the enterprising speculator, as he adjusted a pin in a tear in the greasy lapel of

his rococo coat: "In view of the condition of the cotton market, you ought not to hesitate in following my advice. Spot cotton is very quiet, but the demand is moderate for future delivery. Ordinary uplands is quoted at $10\frac{3}{16}$, while fair brings readily $14\frac{15}{16}$. You had better let me have that \$10,000, and trust to my discretion and knowledge of business."

"No, sir; I must really beg of you to go—I'm busy."

"Well, Mr. President, suppose you make it \$5,000. Remember that the exports of domestic produce during last week amounted to \$7,244,138, against \$6,733,600 for the corresponding week last year, and that the amount of bullion withdrawn from the Bank of England on balance to-day is £55,000."

"Get out of this office. I will not give you \$5,000 or one dollar."

"Come, make it five hundred dollars and I'll do my best for you in the blind pool. You ought surely to know that the one hundred and sixteenth call for about \$4,000,000 extended sixes is made payable October 4th, thus giving about thirty days' notice of redemption."

"If you don't leave this place within two minutes, I'll have you put out!" shouted the president, purple with rage.

"That period will be ample to afford me an opportunity of making one more effort to get you in accord with my views. I might be able to manage with \$100, for New York Central advanced $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 138 the other day. Perhaps \$50 would suit my purpose, for now I remember that August oats options are weaker by three cents. I'll take \$25."

"Time is nearly up," muttered the president.

"Come, give me a five-dollar bill, and it will be all right."

"Ding," sounded the office-gong, and the clerk entered.

"Go for a policeman!" shouted the capitalist.

"There will be no necessity to use force. I will depart if you will persist in your conservatism," said the speculator: "but if you won't put \$10,000 in my blind pool, perhaps you'll give me five cents for a beer."

B. B. V.

MORE VARIATIONS.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 30th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

You are hereby requested to show cause why the following don't get the perennial "bulge" on that other fellow's attempts. When you come to cream-laid, wire-worn suggestions of this sort, with swell-front and ball-bearings, you can gamble on

Your ever faithful C. E. W.

PUCK ne'er returns communications sent;
But speeds them to the Sugared Subsequent.

Rejected articles here meet one common doom:
They're gently wafted up the everlasting flume.

PUCK burns rejected articles to light the office lamps,
Exterminates the authors and appropriates the stamps.

On articles "declined with thanks" PUCK's William-goat
is fed;

Requests to be returned ain't worth a continental red.

HARD ON WAD.

"Wadsworth and I are the best of friends," said Commissioner Hess: "he calls me Jake and I call him Jim."
—N. Y. Herald.

Oh, Mr. J. W. Wadsworth, familiarly known as
Jim,

If you cuddle too kindly to pitch, you will get
your escutcheon dim;

Oh, Mr. Commissioner Hess, best known to
the world as Jake,

If you've any regard for your friend, or his
chances, just give him the shake.

Puckeyings.

A COUNTERSIGN—"No Trust."

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S E. C.'S.—*The War Cry*
—"Gentlemen, Time!"

THE ADVENT of the Blue-Point is the exodus
of the white plug hat. Selah!

THE NEWS from Iceland is that Snofelnessysla is distressed. Snofelnessysla must have been talking to itself.

A LADY GOT a croquet ball in her mouth at Newport last week, and her life was despaired of until a gentlemanly waiter came along and pulled it out with a corkscrew.

THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON has had a dress-parade at Fort Preble, Me. Had it not been for its suspenders and corsets it would probably have fallen to pieces.

IN A VERY brief period the young ladies will return from the country, and how is the young man who hasn't paid for his Summer clothes going to get a Fall suit to call in?

CHERIF PASHA has forbidden persons having no visible occupation from landing at Alexandria. This regulation would have the effect of keeping Mr. Motor Keely out of the place.

WHEN CRUEL Fate away would lug
Britannia's gift, the noble Tug,
She paused and half-relenting smiled,
And for a little space she left us Oscar Wilde.

IF A WOMAN desires to become conspicuous at the sea-side, let her appear in the same dress twice. After this she will be well enough known to justify a publisher in bringing out her poems at his own risk.

BENNETT HAS gone and sold his yacht and ordered a new one. Bennett is becoming so extravagant as to almost justify the public in believing him to be secretly interested in some sea-side hack monopoly.

A CERTAIN SCIENTIFIC paper defines a malady which it is pleased to term "writer's cramp." We have read the article, and cannot say that we agree with our extremely E. C. The only writer's cramp we ever heard of was located in the wallet.

MR. ROBESON was not such an inefficient Secretary of the Navy, after all. The "Algonquin," an old gunboat, was burned last week through no fault of Mr. Robeson; but then it was a private floating factory used for drying bullocks' blood, and did not form part of the regular navy.

"GOOD-BY, my dear young friends. I have tried hard to make you love to gather around the melodeon on Sabbath evenings; I have done my best to introduce a service of song into the West Point curriculum; but it has been of no avail. Perhaps they are right, after all. There are fatter fields elsewhere for a Christian soldier."—O. O. Howard.

MR. CHAMPION HAZEL and Mr. George Holyoke have arrived here; Mr. Rowell is due, and Mrs. Langtry is to sail before long. Mr. Tug Wilson, however, has been obliged to go over to England to replenish his stock of *Hs*, having imprudently ventured across the ocean with an inadequate lay out. The others have brought large quantities, canned and dried.

A CORRECTION.

Mr. W. D. Howells has a serial story running in the *Century*, and a very good serial story it is—an American story, realistic in the best sense, a transcript of nature that has more feeling in it than Zola's tasteless photographs—the work of a younger Balzac with a homely dower of tenderness and genial humor.

We have read the story every month, and it is with the keenest pain that we have noticed a certain blemish in it. Not that we expect to find a piece of work wholly free from blemish. But we object to this particular blemish. It is un-American. It is unjournalistic. And we have always understood that Mr. W. D. Howells is an American and a journalist.

To make sure that we were right in our views, we took the several issues of the magazine to our Temperance Editor, and he read them through with great interest. But when he had finished, he shook his head.

"No," said he: "this is all wrong. It is a good story; but the author is all wrong on the liquor question. I am an expert. I'm a member of the Business Men's Moderation Society, and I've boarded half my life in temperance hotels, and I've a maiden aunt at Asbury Park, and I ought to know what I am saying when I tell you Mr. Howells doesn't know how to lay the basis for an artistic literary drunk, and that in the matter of depicting a general-degradation-through-excessive-indulgence-in-malt-or-spirituuous-liquors, he's away behind the age.

"Now, look here! Here he makes his hero—a journalist, mind you, get a heavy, burbling, all-night drunk on him on—what? Three hot Scotches! This is simply disgraceful, in this nineteenth century. Three hot Scotches! Why, granted that the subject was unusually light-headed, three hot Scotches wouldn't give him anything more than a comfortable little sensation of owning the universe for three-quarters-of-an-hour. And the night air would knock it out of him long before he got to philandering over his wrongs. Great Scott, sir, if an able-bodied man could get an all-night drunk on three hot Scotches, how many happy hearts there would be at this moment! Why, in a two-drink-for-a-quarter place, a man could go on a gilt-edged toot for fifty cents. But it can't be done.

"Then here's this business of the man's going all to pieces morally because he drinks a bottle of beer every night. The only harm that a bottle—or two bottles—or I might say, under some circumstances, three bottles of beer at night can do a man is to make him beautifully bilious. I don't see anything here about this fellow Bartley Campbell—Bartley Hubbell—Hubbard—what's his name—I don't see anything about this fellow's getting cross and dyspeptic, and trying patent medicines and looking as yellow as an Aesthetic devotee or a Shantytown dog. That would have been the way if his beer didn't agree with him.

"Beer doesn't debase a man's moral system, and that thin imported beer won't put much of a pod on him. It isn't any good, anyway. Besides, you can't get much of a villain out of a man who doesn't hold more than a quart of beer or so a day. And a journalist—illustrious Scott! Why, how long would such a journalist last, right here in this office—what's that? oh, yes, to my subject.

"Well, Mr. Howells doesn't work this moral degradation scheme right. The drink that a man has in his own house, or in his friend's house, isn't likely to hurt him. It's the great bar-room act that does the business. It's the little nips in business hours, the bracers in the morning, and the rounds of night-caps about two hours before a man goes to bed. There's where the degradation, moral and physical, comes in. That man wants to go carefully over his novel and make Hubbell—Hubbard—

what's his name?—drink whiskey on the sly, or gin-and-sugar, or some other soul-destroying draught of perdition, if he means to stand the smallest show of being believed.

"And where he ought to make his great point is on the hero's drinking during the day, and coming home and not wanting any dinner. That's what the women object to most, and that's what knocks a man quickest in his business. Now, I'll show you what he ought to do. I'll write him a little scene, and he can insert it. I won't charge him anything."

And our Temperance Editor sat down and rapidly scribbled off the following, on the back of a letter requesting a notice for a work on the True Relations of Labor and Capital:

"One frosty morning in November of this year, Bartley was walking down Tremont Street. He wore his fur cap, and he would have felt very much at peace with himself and the world, had it not been for a curious furry sensation in the throat, which of late had troubled him a good deal.

He met Oppenheimer coming out of a cigar-store. Oppenheimer was a clever young journalist of Jewish extraction. Bartley had met him at the club.

"How's your old head this A. M.?" said Oppenheimer, in his slangy way: "I had to put my hat on with a shoe-horn. I looked in on the boys in Pete Cannon's last night, just for ten minutes, and the interest was prolonged. Oh, I got elegant—nickel-plated. Pete took me home himself. Now I'm after a B. & S. to clear my throat. I feel as if I swallowed a seal-skin coat."

"That's the way I feel," said Bartley, with a sudden enlightenment.

They had now reached the vicinity of the Parker House. "Come on," said Oppenheimer, turning the corner: "have a B. & S."

"I don't think I want a B. & S.," said Bartley.

"Have a cocktail then," said Oppenheimer: "but don't leave me to drink alone."

They went to the Parker House bar, Bartley feebly protesting. When he had drunk a B. & S. with Oppenheimer, he had to ask Oppenheimer to drink one with him.

Bartley felt unpleasantly all day; and left the office early. He felt that the B. & S. had disagreed with him, and he took a couple of whiskey cocktails, by the advice of a friend, to settle his stomach. When he got home that night, a little later than usual, Marcia was troubled. He appeared flushed, and had no appetite for dinner, which was unusually good that day. She feared he was going to have a fever."

"There," said our Temperance Editor: "if your friend Howells will slap that into his book—no charge—and just tone up the rest in accordance with my directions, he'll have the true realistic touch, and don't you forget it!"

BEFORE DE WAR.

When us useter go er-huntin'
Fer de 'possum en de 'coon,
We would hab er mighty frolick
By de shinin' er de moon.
Whoop-pee! Sometimes when us scattered
En got tangled in de brush,
Er got mired to de belly
In de mud-holes en de slush—
When de owls tuck ter hootin'
In de tree-tops all er-roun',
En de bull-frogs tuck ter yelpin'
En er-jumpin' ober groun',
I des sw'ar to goodness gracious
I would might' nigh lose my bref;
En, de blessed Lawd in heaben,
Hit would sker me mos' ter def!
Dar was *one* time, wus 'n any,
Dat I nebber will fergit,
Kaze hit make me take de trimbles
Eb'n now, er little bit.
I got los' f'om ebberbody—
Had done strayed off 'bout er mile,
En de louder dat I hollered
'Twas de wusser fer me, chile.
Ugh! De win' hit went ter groanin'—
One ole wile-cat fetched er yowl,
En I 'spected, ebber minnit,
Fer to hear de debbil howl!
O-h-h! Dem big limbs went ter whinin',
En I couldn't hear er soun'
F'om de voices er my pa'tners—
Ma-a-n! I fell out on de groun'!
Chile, my eyes dey tuck ter gazin'
At de stars up in de sky,
En I went right straight ter thinkin'
'Bout de awful Bye en Bye!
Den I axed mysef *dis* queshtun:
"What 's de en' er-gwineter be?
When dis mighty jig 's up, honey,
What 's er-gwineter come er me?"
I said: "Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy!
How I 'm wishin' dat I knowed
Whicher way the Christuns trabble—
I des wanten fin' de road!
'Kaze I sho' will make er scramble
Fer to strike it pooty soon,
En I 'll nebber stop ter study
'Bout de 'possum er de 'coon!"
Ah, me! Sometimes when I 'm noddin'
In de Legislator hall,
Chile, I finds mysef er-dreamin'
Dat I hear er mighty squall
F'om de wile-cat in de bushes,
Des er-knockin' things f'om taw,
En 'bout how we raised ole Harry,
'Way back yonder, 'fo' de war!

BOB MCGEE.

SENATOR HOAR BELIEVES—

The Expected Republican Crop in 1884.



IN PUTTING THE MONEY WHERE IT WILL DO MOST GOOD.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXXX.
AMERICAN HUMOR.



Ya-as, I fwequent-ly kill a little time by weading Amer-wican papahs, and then my aw eye comes acwoss some parwagwaphs that, I am informed, are considahed extwemely humor-wous, but I invar-wiably fail to see the point of the

joke. And yet Amerwicans pwide themselves on their wit and appweciation of fun, and seem to wejoice in contemptuous weferwences to English incongwuous wemarks and witticisms aw. Of course no Englishman cares a bwass farthing faw this wathah ovah-done Amerwican chaff, for laughing, horse play, pwactical jokes, *et cetera*, are bad fawm, if not atwociously vulgah; but still it baws a fellow considerwably to he-ah the constant iterwation of the inferwiority of Bwitish jests and conundwums.

Amerwican witahts, scwibblahs and cwitics pwofess not to be able to see anything that is humorwous in aw *Punch* and othah comic per-wiodicals published in England, consequently I always avoid looking at these papahs in the pwesence of a citizen of this wepublic, because I know that it dwaws forth wemarks that are vastly unpleasant.

"Ya-as," an Amerwican will say: "see how aw side-splittingly widiculous, humorwous and amusing our witahts are. Your ponderwous funny journalists be-ah no comparwison to ours."

I know it is so useless for me to attempt to pwove that we attach no importance to the twivial vulgawisms that pass faw wit he-ah that I nevah twy to do so.

I weally cannot laugh or get up the ghost of a smile at this pwetended Amerwican fun. Its basis lies in that it always pwe-supposes that the incident that is sought to be welated is connected with somebody who has pursued a poverty-stricken carwe-ah, pwincipally in the countwy or in a wuinous and contwacted wesidence.

One of the favorwite instwuments of Amerwican humah is the aw goat, and its pwodigious welish faw old tin cans, bwown papah and cast-off hoop-skirts, which, I believe, are part of the wearwng apparwel of the averwage female.

What, aw I should like to know, is there in the contemplation of an absurd, hairwy animal with horns, devourwng these indigestible arwangements? And yet the generwal public seems constantly pwepared to wead and enjoy all that a humorwist may take it into his head to wite on such a pweposterwous subject.

It is also supposed awfully aw amusing to descwibe the fact that some youth has taken out the gyurl faw whom he has admirwation to wegale her with ice-cweam, and it is supposed to be specially mirth-pwovoking if he finds he has no money in his pocket to pay faw it. Amerwicans are tweated to wariations on this aw ennobling theme everwy day in the ye-ah, and apparwently do not seem to gwow tirked of it.

The fwont gate of a countwy cottage, and the thickness of the sole of an irwate parwent's boot seem also to furnish a nevah-ending source of amusement and a perwennial flow of pwetended fun. The fwont garden gate, I am given to undahstand, is used by young countwy lovahs to swing on and lean on in the moon-light durwng the pwogwess of their courtship, and the fathah's boot is faw the purpose of

ANOTHER BRAZEN HIGHWAY ROBBERY.



GILLAM

WHY DOESN'T THE POLICEMAN INTERFERE?

(Besides the Hubbell assessment of 2 per cent, Mahone has demanded 5 per cent of the Virginia office-holders', wages to carry on the Readjuster campaign, thus compelling a clerk of \$1,200 salary to pay \$84.)

pwecipitating the young man down the steps in the event of his lingerwng too long. There are othah things in the same categorwy to which I may again wefer aw.

LATE SIDE-SPLITTERS.

(From our Esteemed and Soporific Contemporary, the *L-nd-n P-uch*.)

WHY IS Arabi Pasha like a filbert? Because he is sure to come to grief in the desert.*

WHY WAS the refusal of the Porte to permit shipments of mules from Syria to Egypt like the pickle eaten yesterday by the Sovereign of Turkey? Because it was insultin'†

WHY WERE the mules unlike the British authorities who bombarded Alexandria before troops arrived? Because ***‡

* Arabi Pasha will be thrashed by British troops in the desert (see map) between the Canal and Cairo. A filbert is eaten, and thus comes to grief in the desert after dinner.

† The refusal was insulting. The pickle having been eaten by the Sultan was necessarily in (or inside of) the Sultan.

‡ The answer to this was apparently lost in the mails. We regret this the more, because we are unable to furnish any logical answer ourselves.

The Youth, the Caper and the Diospyros Virginiana.

A Fable for the Fresh.

A small boy having given a Goat a Persimmon, and seen him eat it Voraciously, remarked: "Doesn't that Pucker your Mouth some?"

"It does," replied the Goat, with a soft Smile: "but I have eaten so many copies of Puck in my time that I must say I enjoy an occasional Puckering."

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that we are liable to get left when we are too Fresh with an Old Stager.

THAT SKIRMISHING FUND.

To the Eddithur of Puck—Sir:

A vanial press makes a grate dale of com-mint on our noble Skirmishin' Fund, castin' slurs of dishonisty on us who have been its proud promotherers an' guardians. The public belayves the money is spint on ourselves. We mane the public an' England to belayve this. It is a *roosh de gare*. Britain slumbers quietly—thinkin' that be the 15th av Siptimber Agpyt will be conquered. We know better. Little does she dhrame of the help now rachin' the impty threasury of the bowld Arabi Bey.

Here now is the account of the Fund—hurled wid defoyance to England's bloodthirsty schames:

THE SKIRMISHIN' FUND.

To CASH from laboring min.....	\$45,893.72
" " from girls in service.....	47,768.41
" " from a Mamber of Congress (from Brooklyn).....	40.00
" " from O'Rossa Donovan.....	.50
	\$93,702.63
By CASH paid Reporters.....	\$ 3.75
" " Drinks for same.....	1.25
" " A Mamber of Congress (from Brooklyn).....	50.00
" " Drinks for Special Committee ..	2,984.30
" " Cigars for same.....	2,483.93
" " On account of Ram.....	2,000.00
" " " " " Rum.....	39,500.00
" " O'Rossa Donovan's spaches.....	5,000.00
" " " " " board, etc.....	11,000.00
" " " " " washin'.....	.35
" " Trustees, Committee, Promotherers, their frinds, groceries and sundries, etc., etc., etc.....	30,670.00
" " Remitted to Arabi Bey.....	9.05
	\$93,702.63

There, sir, is the whole account, and I'd trouble ye show me a better. It balances to a cint, and a choild moight see that it rejuices to shameful soillence the base attacks made on our honesty, our purity, our vartue and our pathriotism.

I am, sir, obadjently yours,
KELLY O'GALLAGHAN.

A POET'S TROUBLES.

The poet was sitting out on the honeysucked porch, in an old, easy arm chair, grinding his weekly symphony, as per contract. Just inside the window sat his grand-aunt with her daughters, and a young lady who was making them a visit was swinging in the hammock close to the bard. They were talking back and forth so fast that they lost all regard for phonetic punctuation, and just as the poet would think of a new figure or a quaint phrase, and attempt to put it down, they would all break out at once, and make more racket than an ice-wagon going over cobble-stones at full speed. The poet started on the stock subject, September:

Now no more the dusty bees
Float along the pleasant leas,
'Mong the violets and lilies at the dawn,
And we watch the golden rod,
While we dream of whiskey tod,
And the overcoat that's soaking in the pawn.

"That isn't such a bad starter for a regulation five-dollar comic," mused the poet fondly, as he looked down at the cord in his shoes—the cord which he had put in that very morning, and carefully blacked to make it look like a properly canonized shoe-string: "That's a fine starter for a comic on September, and I shall so arrange it that if I don't sell it this month, I may alter it slightly, and make it fill the bill for October. Then, if the comic papers won't touch it, I can make some changes and get rid of it as a serious poem. I can speak of the flowers dying, while their perfume floats aloft, and then take out 'whiskey tod,' and use a different rhyme for 'golden rod,' and work a little religious business in the end, and it will be just the kind of a snap for the *Independent*."

"Have you ever been at Saratoga?" inquired the charming young lady in the hammock, laying her novel aside and rearranging her hair-pins.

"Never," replied the bard.

"Oh, it's a lovely place," replied the young lady: "nothing but frivol all day long. I was up there last year for about a month. That's when I was engaged to Bob. Bob used to send me nice boxes of candy, and we went to a hop every night. Bob was such a funny fellow; he never would drink the water at all. He said only fish drink water, and he didn't want to be put down for a fish. Where did you raise those toney croquet-balls?"

"On the plum-tree behind the house!" yelled the poet: "We raised two bushels of them; the rest were blown down before they were ripe. We bored a hole in the tree and filled it with paint, which worked up through the sap, and made the rings on the balls."

Then she subsided, and the ode-yanker started once more:

Now the sun-flower by the brooks
Like a fragrant omelette looks,
While the golden rod resembles scrambled eggs,
And the happy urchins run
Through the woodland with a gun.
And upset the songful robin off her legs.

"Another scheme I have, if it fails with both religious and comic papers," mused the poet: "is to preserve all the description, and work a character in. I might have a man living all alone with his family in the woods, and picture the serene happiness of his lot, and tell the reader how well he is satisfied, and how much more contented a person may be in the forest than on Fifth Avenue. I might state that getting up in the morning at five o'clock, and eating corn-bread and drinking boot-leg coffee, and hammering a refractory bull around the farm, and walking up hill behind a plow in the scorching sun are just the things that give man a correct idea of earthly bliss."

"George!" cried the grand-aunt: "did you stop at the grocer's this morning and order that cod-fish?"

"Yes'm!" responded George.

"That's good," replied the old lady: "now which would you rather have: the cod-fish balls to-night, and the liver in the morning, or the liver to-night and the cod-fish balls in the morning?"

"Either way you please!" screamed the poet, who continued:

Now the crimson woodland rose
Like a politician's nose
Glow serenely in the bowers gold and red,
And the quail begins to toot,
And the rabbit's on the scoot,
And the pretty leaflets make the dog a bed.

"Say, George!" yelled the small brother at this juncture of the poem: "lend me your knife, will you?"

"What do you want to do with it—cut up a snake or play mumble-peg?"

"Neither."

"Then take it, and only use this blade," said George, as he pulled out the worst blade in the knife.

The boy cleared, and the bard continued:

Now the poet's spirit floats,
With the robin's dollar notes,
To a realm where visions tender music wakes,
And the sumachs brightly flash,
While the farmers rudely thrash
All the buckwheat for the matutinal cakes.

Now the urchins fail to reach
For the red and mellow peach,
And annex the kettle to the frightened dog,
And no more they hookey play,
And go swimming all the day,
Or beside the circus pageant gaily jog.

"How'd you like to be a farmer, George?" inquired the young lady in the hammock.

ASSORTED ADVERTISEMENTS.

III.



WANTED—A Party with Means to Join Others in Opening a Bank.

IV.



WANTED—A Man Acquainted with the City Liquor Trade.

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Well, I wouldn't either; it must be awful. When I was out riding the other day, I saw a man ploughing on crutches. I don't see how in the world he ever did it. Every time he put his crutches on the ground they would sink in so far that you could hear the stones cut his sleeves under the arms. And when the horse pulled him out by the roots, his weight would keep the plow down so solid that the cripple was regarded the champion plowman of that locality. Did you ever see a man plow on crutches?"

"No!" yelled the poet in a fine frenzy, rolling all around in his chair: "I never did; but I once saw a man weed a garden on stilts. He stood five feet off the ground."

"And how did he get at the weeds, pray?"

"Reached down for them."

"How did he hold on to the stilts?"

"With his toes."

"With his toes?"

"Yes, with his toes. He hooked them around that part of the stilts intended to place the feet on."

"How did he strike a balance?"

"With a fan, of course; you don't suppose he did it by a book-keeping method, do you? And then he pulled the weeds out—"

"With his hand?" sarcastically broke in the young lady.

"No; with his teeth!"

The young lady subsided, and the bard went on:

Now the little fellow sings,
When the hornet hotly stings
Him upon the neck, the forehead and the nose;
Soon the axe will be on deck
For to spoil the turkey's neck,
And mankind will don its Winter underclothes.

"George!" called out the grand-aunt: "would you mind going down to the village and getting this matched?"

"Get what matched—Lucy?"

"No, you mean 'thing,' lisped Lucy: "this calico."

"Certainly, I just feel like taking a walk."

Now a sort of gauzy veil
O'er the pumpkin-field doth sail,
And the politician travels round for votes;
And the boys in pleasant spots
Roast potatoes in the lots,
And with rude projectiles chase the nervous goats.

"Say, George, you won't be mad, will you?" asked the small brother, keeping off pretty well.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, you see, I was cutting a stick with your knife, when Bill Simpson pushed me, and I fell over and dropped the knife. It landed on a stone and the blade broke."

"Great Scott! did you break that blade—"

"Do you like rowing, George?" broke in the young lady in the hammock.

"Yes; but see here, that knife cost—"

"Will you nail the gate hinge on to-day?" queried the old lady.

"Oh, certainly. When you want a knife again, young man—yes, I'll get that calico matched, and I like rowing first-rate. I'll go and play croquet, and read aloud to you, and chop wood, and go to the post-office, and pull up the carpet with my teeth, and do anything else you may be pleased to suggest, except finish this regulation stock poem on September. "All talk to me at once; now begin: one, two, three, go. And all talk on a different subject, so I may have a show for variety—I like a variety show. Oh, sail in, I don't want to finish this poem; I'll get the coachman to come in and do that, and I'll go out and put a patent-leather shine on the horse, and play on the carriage with the garden hose. Now, my dear friends, relatives and country-women, sail in: one, two, three, go!"

And then they let him alone.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE POWER BEHIND THE THROWN.



A STUDY OF JOURNALISTIC INFLUENCE.

THE IRRELEVANT LANDLADY.

She shapes the destiny of a swell establishment in a very fashionable locality. She is very good-natured and full of valuable information, which she distributes gratuitously. If you want any war memories or a history of Flatbush, just start her, and take her words down in short-hand, and you will have a veracious volume that will also include a delicate species of humor that may charm the reader at times when the cold facts become tiresome.

To give some idea of her style and method, it is only necessary to quote a conversation overheard at the breakfast table the other morning. She was all alone with a new boarder. She had just poured his coffee, and laid a fish-cake about the size of a quarter upon his plate, when the subject changed from the condition of the weather to literature.

"I suppose you have heard of Curran?" she inquired, as she fished a fly up out of the milk on the handle of a teaspoon, and consigned it to the carpet with a dull thud.

"Oh, yes," responded the young man: "I have heard of him, and am intimately acquainted with some of his jokes, but, at the same time, must admit that I have not read him sufficiently to claim that I am anything like familiar with his writings."

"Well, I am," chirped the landlady, pleasantly, as she dropped another lump of sugar into her coffee: "I used to read Curran before I was married. I was married in 1840—twenty years before the war—and we lived out at Pamrapo, which is about twenty miles from New York, and my husband came in on the train every day. Curran was a great philosopher, as well as a keen satirist and a brilliant wit. His repartee was biting, and often left a stinging wound behind. Yet he was an ornament to the age in which he lived, and his name is his most enduring epitaph. Will you have some cucumbers?"

"I never eat cucumbers."

"Many of my boarders exhibit the same prejudice against this vegetable, which is perfectly harmless when properly prepared. It seldom takes more than one to do for the whole house, and then there is enough left for the next day. I always cut them up the day before, and allow them to remain in salt over night. This removes all the poison, and makes them as harmless as the patent medicine that is warranted to heal anything from a scalp wound to a pair of boots. I was told this by my grandmother during my childhood, while living out on a farm. My grandmother always preferred the country because of a bronchial trouble she inherited from her father, who fought in the war of 1812. So that's how I came to live on a farm. I can remember well how I gathered the apples that my little brother shook down in the orchard, and how old soul-eyed Dobbin ate them out of my hand. Dobbin was a gentle animal, and when he got too old to work, my father raffled him off. What happy times I had wandering in the wood and beside the brooklet in the meadow, where the mint grew up with the Spring lamb, and the clover was full of bees and butterflies! We didn't have many on the farm. Only the family, three cows, one horse and a couple of mortgages. Is your steak well enough done?"

"It is very nice," warbled the young man: "just about right."

"I am glad," cooed the landlady, in dulcet tones: "I

am always successful with steaks. I never buy them off the round, and hammer tenderness into them with a club, and fry them. My husband would never eat a fried steak. He said a fried steak filled no want, as it was too tough to eat and not tough enough to sole shoes or mend trunks with. We used to have steak every morning when we lived at Flatbush. Flatbush is a lovely place, and the horse cars run regularly to it; but they didn't then. We got a nice cottage out there for two hundred dollars a year. I used to feel very lonesome sometimes during my husband's absence; but we kept a big dog. I am very fond of dogs. This one was good-natured and benevolent, and had worlds of calm in the honest old face that was as peaceful and serene as the countenance of the old lady who appears in the patent medicine advertisement. That dog used to sleep under the barn all day. He was afraid to come out, for fear we might wash him. If there was anything he detested it was a bath. He was a fine watch-dog, and when he opened his mouth you could see teeth 'way back to his shoulder-blades. Did you ever eat terrapin?"

"Never."

"Well, I remember going out sailing once, and having some terrapin afterward. I didn't know terrapin was sea turtle at the time. I thought it was something else. Now, if sea turtle is good to eat, why isn't land turtle?—these old speckled fellows, that languish in corn-fields, and have dates and initials on their shells. Once I found a turtle with G. W. on his back, and I have often wondered if it was done by George Washington. My little boy used to play with it, and tie ribbons around its shell and call it pretty names. It was as happy as though pensioned, and it used to eat flies and mosquitos right out of his hands. Now, if it had been a snapping-turtle, it would have taken the boy's hand, and let the flies and mosquitos go. My boy was a sharp little fellow. One day I declared I was going to whip him for lathering the dog with his father's shaving brush. The child said:

"What are you going to whip me with?"

"A slipper," I replied.

"Whose slipper—yours or papa's?"

"Papa's," I said.

"Which one; the one with the flowers on it?"

"And then I had to give him some bread covered with currant jam. Did you ever have mucilage spilled down your neck?"

"I never did."

"Well, my husband did once. I was dusting off the mantel-piece, and accidentally upset the bottle. Oh, wasn't he mad, and wasn't he stuck together! Our boy commenced to laugh, and he started after the boy, who managed to dodge through the kitchen. My husband ran against the cook, who stepped on the dog, who jumped and knocked a kettle off the stove and scalded the cat, who disappeared through the window just about the time the boy cleared the fence without touching anything. Just let me give you another cup of coffee!"

"I have had plenty; I am all through," replied the new boarder, as he felt in his vest pocket for a cigar.

"How did everything suit you?"

"First-rate."

"That's good; some folks are so hard to suit! Now, my husband, when we lived out in Flatbush, in 1850—"

But, when she looked around, the new boarder was on the street, running for a car and his life.

R. K. M.

AMUSEMENTS.

Last night "Mankind," the promised melodrama, was presented at DALY'S THEATRE.

The GRAND OPERA HOUSE draws thousands within its renovated marble portals and auditorium to listen to the lurid "Lights o' London."

"Youth" remains perennial at NIBLO'S GARDEN, and, with its one hundred and sixty regular soldiery and the great effects, it is not surprising.

The stage of HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE is now devoted to "Chispa," in which Marion Elmore appears as the chief character.

We have dried our tears and are perfectly reconciled to the announcement that a new play will be produced October 9th at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE in lieu of "Esmeralda."

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL has Mlle. Malvina Renner, late of the Ring Theatre, Vienna, Maria Vanoni, the international singer, and the Tyrolean National Singers to amuse its audiences.

"Billee Taylor," at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, with its sailors, militia, picturesque costumes and lively melodies, Carrie Burton, Emma Weathersby, Jennie Hughes, Charles Campbell and others as its exponents.

Does the Ballet Dancer dance? No, the Ballet Dancer does not generally dance. She thinks she does, but really she does not. Yet, Mlle. De Gillert, she dances—is dancing in Boston this week. That's why we speak of it.

Maggie Mitchell appeared on Saturday evening, at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE, in "Elsa," a new and domestic drama that Mr. C. T. Dazey has brought into the theatrical world—with what success we shall say more anon.

"The Blackbird" is well mounted, well acted, and the incidental music is in Braham's best style; but we prefer Messrs. Harrigan and Hart and the THEATRE COMIQUE when they are in their duly ordained and canonized line of business.

To-night the first performance of Miss Laura Don's comedy-drama, "A Daughter of the Nile," will take place at HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE. Henry Lee, E. M. Holland, Sol Smith and Miss Helen Tracy are in the cast.

Miss Minnie Palmer will appear at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE on September 18th, in Wm. Gill's musical comedy, "My Sweetheart." It is two years since New Yorkers have seen Miss Palmer on the stage of a metropolitan theatre.

Next Monday Mme. Théo is announced to appear at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—and she is said to be the reigning queen of opera bouffe—under the management of Mr. John Stetson and Mr. Maurice Grau, in Offenbach's "Madame l'Archiduc."

It was a great day for Patrick Gilmore and ould Oireland last Thursday at MANHATTAN BEACH. From fifty to seventy-five thousand people were present on the occasion of the special festival in his honor. He was cheered until he made all the welkins in the vicinity ring.

There is naught that is new at the METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR, where large crowds of fashionable people gather nightly to listen to the dulcet strains of Audranian music, to contemplate the resplendent ballet, to saunter along the sliding roof, and to meet friends and acquaintances in the lobby.

HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE opened for the season on Monday night last, with Braham and Scanlan's Boston Miniature Ideal Opera Company, in "Patience." Everybody went to Wallack's to see the little people when they were in this city, and Brooklynites will certainly not allow themselves to be out-done by New Yorkers. A timely alteration has been made in two lines of the *Colonel's* song, wherein he describes the ingredients which go to make up a heavy dragon. They now run thus:

"Nautical genius of Raleigh in Caribbee,
Skill of Sir Garnet in knocking out Arabi."

Mr. J. St. Maur is the business manager.

Answers for the Anxious.

B. A. R. O.—Thanks.

K. M. M.—Almost quite, but not supremely up to the perfect standard.

S. G. A., jr.—Certainly, we will build you lots more PUCKOGRAPHS when the season begins.

J. G. D.—As to the sonnet, O. K. and thanks. The other is a trifle too light in build and low in the saddle for PUCK's use.

HASELTIME.—She saw the face of Jay Gould in the Upas-tree cartoon. Because why? Because she looked in the right place.

C. R.—You are right. It was an inadvertence. The man who was guilty of it is now fading away into nothingness in a barrel of chloride of lime.

W. C. F., Chicago.—Much obliged, but we keep a linear-foot poet in the office to run off our "Now" poetry. When his mill breaks down, we'll send you a postal-card.





OPENING A LITTLE CAMPAIGN ALL BY HIMSELF.

Puck.—You will never succeed in that armor, Mr. Blaine—**this** is the winning suit.

THE ASSYRIAN PUP.

One day last week a mysterious stranger entered the editorial rooms, with a gloomy, resolute air, and dropped what he was carrying in a corner, with a sickening thud. Then he came up to the Chief's desk and laid a firm, large, landed-property hand upon the Chief's shoulder, and said:

"I want to sell you that pup."

"That what?" inquired the Chief, grimly, looking with an eye of cruel sarcasm at what the visitor had brought in.

"That pup," said the stranger, firmly: "p-u-r-p, pup."

"Do you call that a pup?" the Chief asked, contemptuously: "I thought it was a Canada bull-frog, stuffed with Oscar Wilde's poems."

"It impressed me," put in the Acrobatic Editor: "as a cross between a goat and a cod-fish."

The Society Editor gazed dreamily at it.

"It would make a good jardinière," he said: "I would like to buy it for Madeleine. She could make an aquarium of that mouth."

"If anybody wants to make it a present to me, I will take it," the Poetical Editor remarked: "Sometimes I feel that I would like to lie down and go off into the wakeless slumber of oblivion, and that mouth will just about hold me."

The stranger shook his head.

"You ain't taking in half the big points of that pup," he said: "That's an Assyrian pup."

"A what?"

"An Assyrian pup. Oh, yes, I knew you wouldn't believe it; but he is of the real genuine Assyrian breed. His mother was the famous imported Muscovado Beauty, who took the prize at the first Peninsular and Oriental bench show."

"Well, what are his points?" the Chief demanded: "does he bite?"

"Never. He has been trained expressly for use in editorial offices."

"Then he's been brought up all wrong," said the Acrobatic Editor: "what we want in this office is a real old free-lunch, pie-biter kind of dog, who knows enough of himself to eat up anybody who comes in and says 'Arabi' or brings a joke about oysters in September."

"You ain't there," replied the undaunted stranger: "you don't want a dog that's going to eat things up and make a muss about the office. You don't run a canning factory here; and there is no market for raw hash. Now, this dog won't bite anything, and that's just why he's such a good editor's dog. He won't bite; but he looks just as if he would, and that's all you require. Look at that mouth! By setting the lips back, and holding them in position with clothes-pins or stocking-supporters, you can give him a ferocious expression that will appall the hardest poet, and will even communicate a sort of nervous uncertainty to the coolest notice-seeker. In the office where that dog was before—they only parted with him because the paper bust up, and the publisher went to Europe, as cook in a three-masted schooner—in that office he has been known to scare a man who came in to see if the editor couldn't give him a line about a young lady who had just gone on the stage—scare him so, sir, that he omitted to make his modest

demand, and instead put up for a year's subscription to the paper."

"When we want a canvassing agent," said the Chief, a blush of irritation mantling his celluloid brow: "we'll tell you. We aren't employing dogs for that business, at present."

"That's all right. That ain't the only virtue of that there Assyrian pup. You are a man of excitable temper, I observe. That is where that pup comes in handy. When you are a little off your equilibrium, all you have to do is to work it off by throwing things at that dog—right down his mouth. He will never retaliate. You may throw anything at him—inkstands, chairs, bricks, paper-weights—poems, even—and he will just hold his mouth open, and look as if he were breathing in undiluted essence of bliss. And yet that open mouth will make a poet quake."

"What's his name?" asked the Society Editor.

"On account of the triplet of spots, one on his right ear and two on the broad expanse of his hairless back, he is generally known as old dog Tray; but you may call him Philander, if you like. He will not mind it."

"What does he eat?" the Acrobatic Editor wanted to know.

"Exchanges. Exchanges only. He is a genuine editorial dog. He can digest an English comic weekly, or the New York *Herald* in the middle of a campaign. He therefore costs nothing for keep, and by putting a stick through him and inverting him, you may use him for an umbrella on rainy days."

"Is that all?" asked the Chief, wearily.

"No, sir," said the stranger: "his best point is this: he notices typographical errors, and his very presence exercises a splendid moral influence over the most hardened of proof-readers."

A new light came into the Chief's eye.

"I will buy him," he said, and as he paid out three dollars and seventy one cents, the stranger kissed the dog, dropped a tear down into the open mouth and passed away into the outer silence, and the Assyrian Pup became one of the ornaments of the office.

REJECTED ARTICLES are all chewed up
By PUCK's new-bought Assyrian Pup.

FOUND DROWNED—



AND IN A HOLE.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A HAPPY LOT.—The original old man, after his wife was cured of freshness.

NOW IS the time to take your light overcoat out of camphor, and have it dyed, so that it may look like a new one.

THEY CALL them scrambled at a certain boarding cottage at Newport, because two eggs are put on the table, and a hundred guests scramble for them. Fire!

IT IS always amusing to see a Chicago girl purchase the largest pair of army-shoes made, and wave off the clerk with the shoe-horn, and ask him to produce a shovel.

THE GOLDEN rod begins to glow
Beneath September's skies,
And now is just the time to throw
Aside your Oxford ties.

THE PROJECT of placing a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey has received the endorsement of Mr. Henry Irving.—*New York Mail and Express*.

Mr. Billy Birch and Mr. Charley Backus wish it also to be distinctly understood that they are with him every time in this matter.

SOON WILL the sentimental young lady meander through the forest in quest of daintily colored leaflets and languid ferns to stow away in books. And then the frost will appear, and the hog will be suspended by a hind leg with a corn-cob in his mouth.

THE POET wrote that she had a lovely form, and the German compositor got hold of it—the poem, not the form—and informed the world that she had a lovely farm. And that is why a lot of young men of an agricultural turn commenced to woo her for all they—or, rather, all she was worth.

AND AS the purple glimmer of twilight fell softly on the floor, and lit the maroon tapestries with a sad, sweet lit, the poet opened a dainty ivory box, took from it a sun-flower scarf-pin, which Clarinda had given him, and gazed upon it with a sad yearning eye; after which he proceeded to polish it up with tooth-powder.

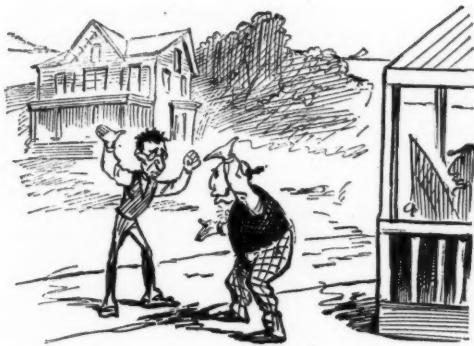
AND NOW doth the small boy hie him down behind the barn, and while a bracing September air rustles through his ringlets, he marvels as to the date when swimming and base-ball will be over, and sees pleasant castles in the gossamer ribbons of corn-silk cigarette smoke.

WHEN A LONG BRANCH restaurateur displays a turtle about the size of a family Bible in front of his place, and announces that it will be served on the following day, you may rest assured that he has a mortgage to pay off during the following week, and is going to raise it with that turtle.

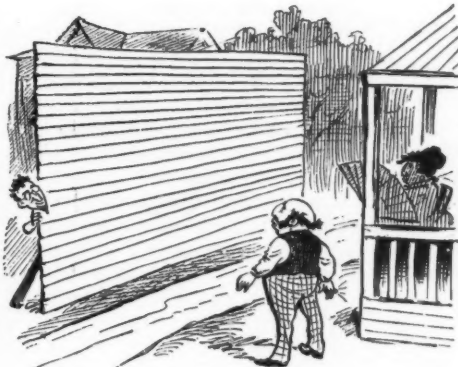
NOW WE may observe suggestions of Autumn, for the leaves are beginning to look fatigued, white vests are not seen so much on the street, the gun begins to crack in the woodland, and the old country tavern displays a huge poster which announces the evening of a "hog-guessing" bee.

THE ROSENBLATT-BLUMENTHAL AFFAIR.

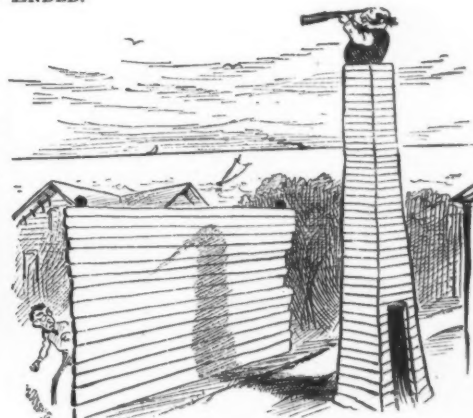
A THRILLING TRAGEDY—HOW IT BEGAN AND HOW IT ENDED.



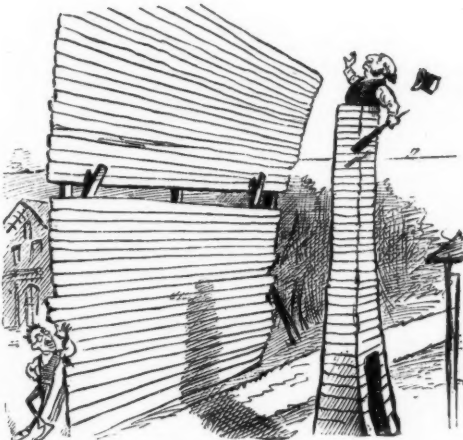
They own cottages by the sea. Rosenblatt's was nearer the water. They quarreled.



Rosenblatt's malice. He builds a wall: "Ah, ha, Blumenthal! you don't can look by dot ocean some more!"



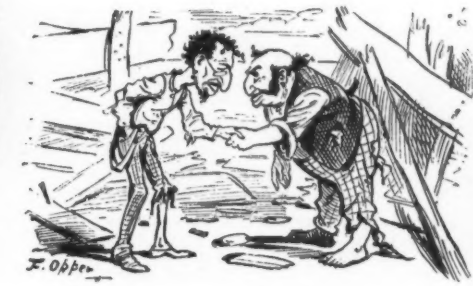
Blumenthal's triumph; he builds a tower: "Ah, ha, Rosenblatt! Vot you dinks von dot observatory, eh?"



Renewed malice of Rosenblatt; he adds a story to his wall: "Ah, ha, Blumenthal! How you like dot view von dem oceans now, eh?"



It might have ended in blood if a cyclone hadn't come along and blown down both the wall and the observatory.



Friends once more. "Dose expenses must been terrible von buildin' dot wall, Mr. Rosenblatt?" "Und dot tower must cost somedings, too, Mr. Blumenthal?"

SHE LOCATED THE ALLEVIATOR.

BY WHITELAW REID.

"Maud!!!!"

The turned-down gas-jet flickered with fright and the very chromos on the wall shook as Arthur Q. Jones howled this sentiment toward the couch on which the idol of his heart lay dreaming audibly.

They had been married one short, happy year ago, in the sensuous days when the moon was full, and he had not quite got over it.

"Maud!!!!"

The golden head turned slowly on the pillow and the sleepy portals of her eyes opened on the heavenly blue beneath, while from her rosy lips came forth the words:

"Come down off that chair, Arthur, dear, and don't appall the azure zenith with such barbaric vocal hieroglyphics."

He came down mechanically, and said:

"But where did you put those toothache drops?"

"Arthur, are you lamentably bereft of all your wonted manly intellectual faculties that you make the midnight air dizzy with inharmonious sounds and thoughtlessly rouse from refreshing slumbers the innocent infants in the adjacent habitations, to say nothing of disturbing the balmy somnolence of your wife? The toothache drops are in the bath-room on the wash-basin."

He went into the bath-room and sat down

to wonder in a dazed way what he had come for.

Such is the influence of a true Vassar woman.
—*Hoboken Tribune.*

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. James E. Taylor, the well-known artist, whose specialty is military and Indian subjects, has received a commission from General Sherman to paint a companion picture to Mr. Taylor's "Crossing of the Big Black River by Torchlight." It is to represent the passage of Vicksburg by Porter's fleet on the night of April 16th, 1863. Mr. Taylor's new work is likely to be both effective and spirited, for Mr. Taylor was a soldier, is an Ohio man, and is a member of the artistic staff of *Um die Welt*, Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann's illustrated German weekly.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers' latest publication is "The Annals of a Baby," by Sarah Bridges Stebbins. We are assured on interested authority that it is a very bright and interesting book; but we take our baby annals from practical experience and observation, the said annals frequently keeping us awake at night, and do much toward training us for pedestrian matches.

The "Kirk Knoll Lancers," by Miss Jennie M. Prince, of Irvington, N. Y., are published by Brentano, Union Square. They are already very popular and reflect great credit on the fair composer, as they are absolutely original and thoroughly dance-provoking.

Potter's American Monthly for August maintains its reputation for interesting and instructive reading. It abounds with excellent illustrations, and its articles are all from the pens of able writers.

The *Grip-Sack* is a Summer annual issued by our clever comic contemporary the *Toronto Grip*, and well supplies the demand in the Dominion for the season of rest and recreation.

THE RHYMING CLUB.

ONE SESSION.

Parliamentary dignities being over, the President arose and addressed the members as follows:

Fellow Sentimentalists!

You are, of course, aware that at the last meeting of this Byronic institution there was a general grumble at the dearth of subjects on which to elaborate in the sunshine, flower and bird of literature—poetry. Whereupon (as you remember) one of our esteemed colleagues arose and exhibited a brief remnant of Faber, telling in connection therewith a plausible story of its having been donated to him by his girl, as a reminder of the picket-fence-don't-go-yet-George of which it was a witness. He thought the incident sufficiently new in the annals of romance to warrant us in attempting to dish it up in some form poetic—be it Georgic, or only what Dusenbury, *P.P.*, calls a "bob-tailed quatrain." Indeed, the subject does seem about as "new" as the I-told-you-so-man, and, though that pencil was little less short than the crust of an American pie, it has, nevertheless, inspired the production of these four waste-basket orphans which I hold in my hand. I will now proceed to read and comment.

First, then, comes a rondeau, that Frenchy bit of grace, which, if personified and done in marble, with a page of Pope for a pedestal, would resemble Hebe sitting on the roof of a

hen-coop. I trust it is needless to tell you that originality in this age is about as much in minority as a section of fruit-cake in the mouth of a small boy; therefore, seek it not in

THIS PENCIL STUB.

This pencil stub—my senses whirl;
What can I write? What sail unfurl
To tempt a rhythmic breeze to drift
A-down this way, a fitful rift
'Tween gossip—whistlings of the merle.

No souvenir of love—no pearl,
No rounded, sun-gilt mass of curl,
No amulet, no sordid gift
This pencil stub.

What can I write? Of waves that hurl
Bright pebbles shoreward? Of a girl
Fair as young Hope? Oh, hard this shift
Of mine; my hair I paw and lift,
The while I chew and curse and twirl
This pencil stub!

Ah, no. Nothing original, as you have seen. It is the stock thing for "senses" to "whirl," and "breeze tempting sails" have been "unfurled" ever since the first sale was made, *i. e.*, when Adam got sold, you know. As for the hair racket, you can see for yourself that the author is as bald as a pair of clippers can render him. But perhaps the sin of lying is lessened when it appears on paper—perhaps so.

The distinguishing quality of this second poem is its helpless mixfulness. He who wrote it had better offer a reward of \$25 for some man to tell him what he means. It appears as though he had taken one of his school-day drivings, known under the descriptive title of: "Read-me-and-die," and interspersed the verses with ugly remarks on his progress in the writing thereof, thus being able to cater to his laziness and make things gibe as well. It is about as wretched a piece of deception as a pink *mirage* on a hot day. The author should have desiccated, or, in other words, "dried up" before he started, which is the reason why his production should be

REJECTED.

Through a dark wood they walked, where all
The Summer day above the trees was bright;
And cool beneath—cool as a pall,
Cool as an adder sleeping in the light!
(Of the buff cream that killeth
Sufficient bring—a tub;
Bring frigid that which chilleth,
Since inspiration filleth
This pencil stub.)

She was so sweet—so sweet, and yet
A careless negative she'd given him
Had swooned his rose-dream dead and set
His cynic heart to gall—more dead and grim.
("Ho! boy, one schoom' of lager,
And Henry Clays bring, bub,"
Slow I advance, a jogger
Through piercing words, my auger,
This pencil stub.)

And she was gay—he, oh, so sad;
She stooped to pick a spray of wintergreen,
And touched a lizard near; it had
Significance to him, dark, soon as seen.
(Aha! a towel wetten
To stop this aching trouble
Le in my head. I'm bettin'
The cake 'twill soon be gettin'—
This pencil stub!)

Soon it was over, and they quit
The wood with all its song of bee and bird;
Before her, joy—for him, to sit
In darkness ever, stricken by a word.
(It takes the lemon biscuit
And stacks of other grub!
On it my hat I'll risk it,
No rhymes away with this git—
This pencil stub!)

Of poem number three I have little to say. It is a triolet, that pretty patent of Dobson's, full of grace and repetition. One thing in favor of this present specimen is that it contains no allusion to roses, or a rose. In my Twain scrap-book I have eighty-five triolets collected during the four or five years in which they have been in vogue, and of that number just forty-

five pun amorously of rose, woes, etc. Thank heaven there is not the perpetual rose in the triolet which our friend has

PENCILLED.

A tiny bit of pencil
You gave to me last night;
A tooth-marked, dull utensil—
A tiny bit of pencil—
Still—love's best thoughts 'twill stencil,
And, maybe, of you 'twill write,
This tiny bit of pencil
You gave to me last night.

The last piece of foolscap, my fellow pictureurs of pastoral felicity, is a poem that seems not to poem at all. It has passed through the hands of a Congressional Investigating Committee, which failed to find even a plural rhyming with a singular. But then C. I. C's never find anything—they steal it. We shall have to call this a blank verse, one line to the stanza. It is about the blankest blanked scrap of ideal-essness that ever got spread on paper. Its author would figure better in a hennery as a leader of blind hens to water, than as a concoctor of puerility

OVER THE GARDEN GATE.

They had been walking together, and while he yet hung assiduously around the gate waiting for the usual osculatory caramels which slick off the austerity of the lover's parting, she drew a chromo-dotted handkerchief from her pocket to remove the cold corpse of an asphyxiated mosquito from her eye. In so doing she loosened and set free a piece of lead-pencil about as small as the soul of a miser, with which, in the course of her duties as head clerkess in a dry-goods store, she had been wont to calculate the combined price of various pieces of the decorative cotton or the festive calico.

"Dear George, save, oh, save me pencil!" burst from her in a passion of silvery solicitude: "It is the means of me life's subsistence, and—oh! what shall I—what shall I do?"

It was enough that she could weep in his presence. Manfully he hitched up his trousers and bent his back to the Charlie Ross-like job before him. Bravely he scraped around and picked up slivers under his finger-nails and deprecated the dog-gone luck until the lead-pencil was found.

As she spasmodically reached forth to freeze to the little promulgator of intelligence a caprice seized him. He would retain the prize and beg his affianced for the permanent proprietorship of it. So he did.

"My Mary Ann," he pleaded: "you have given me your heart, will you not give me this fragment of cedar, to be to me as a memory of your face seen in a dream? Oh, think how I shall esteem it, if my lady graciously gives. See these small indentations of your pretty molars. Shall I not look at them and think of the dentist who made their white authors at a cost of fifty dollars? Little girl, can you refuse me this diminutive boon?"

Reflectively she bent her aureate head upon the bejeweled fingers. She hated to part with it, and yet— At length she looked up smiling, until her mouth seemed like a cut in a pie.

"Yes," she pensively murmured: "yes, George, though on one, and only one condition. Answer this little interrogation and you shall yank the Faber. In what way are you and that for which you have asked alike?"

George thought. George thought again. George thought some more. It was as though he couldn't encompass the conundrum like. Finally he looked up despairingly, saying:

"Dunno; I give it up."

"Why, you are both dull, you know," and, laughing like a fiend, she reached for her property.

And George? Well, George went home and tested the solubility of his cranium.

Fellow friends, who humble yourselves in the light of Keats's and Shelley's genius, that is all. Go and do likewise. EDWARD WICK.

"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

Now that Congress has adjourned, the ordinary road circus will stand some show of attracting a little public attention.

England is very much alarmed at the report that Arabi Bey's forces are all armed with the toy pistol. Now, this looks something like war.

Newark, N. J., has a Democratic organization known as the "Spread the Truth Society." That is the trouble with it. They have already spread it so thin that you can't taste it.

Gilbert and Sullivan must be members of the peace society. All their operas begin with P: "Pinafore," "Patience," "Pirates of Penzance," and the new opera will probably be "The Princess." The arrangement is probably followed in that order that the actors may the more readily catch their Q's.

"Drop by drop the spring runs dry"—but this Summer! Gee-mi-mentally! It just seemed to run dry by the keg. So we have been told. Being a citizen of a prohibition state, we never run dry. Always keep it in the closet, you know. And if we do run out, now and then, our good neighbor has a keg in his cellar.

Unpublished page from the life of George Washington. It is the merry Summer time. To him, the mother of the father of his country: "George, dear, where have you been since school was dismissed?"

"Hain't been nowhere, ma."

"Did you come straight home from school, George?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"But school is dismissed at three o'clock and it is now half-past six. How does that come?"

"Got kep' in."

"What for?"

"Missed m' joggrafy less'n."

"But your teacher was here only an hour ago and said you hadn't been at school all day?"

"Got kep' in yestiddy, then."

"George, why were you not at school to-day?"

"Forgot. Thought all the time it was Saturday."

"Don't stand on one side of your foot in that manner. Come here to me. George, you have been swimming."

"No'me."

"Yes, you have, George. Haven't you?"

"No ap."

"Tell your mother, George."

"Nuck."

"Then what makes your hair so wet, my son?"

"Sweat. I run so fast comin' from school."

"But your shirt is wrong side out?"

"Put it on that way when I got up this morning for luck. Always win when you play for keeps if your shirt's hindside out."

"And you haven't the right sleeve of your shirt on your arm at all, George, and there is a hard knot tied in it. How did that come there?"

"Bill Fairfax tied it in when I wasn't lookin'."

"But what were you doing with your shirt off?"

"Didn't have it off. He jes' took'n tied that knot in there when it was on me."

"George!"

"That's honest truth, he did."

About that time the noble Bushrod came along with a skate-strap, and we draw a veil over the dreadful scene, merely remarking that boys do not seem to change so much as men.—Robert J. Burdette.

Suffering is ended when the patient concludes to try the Swayne's Ointment for Skin Diseases.

CASTORIA.
Life is restless and days are fleeting,
Children bloom but they die in teething;
Example take from Queen Victoria
Children nine all took CASTORIA.
No sleepless nights from babies crying
Like larks they rise in early morning.

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DIARY OF A SUMMER BOARDER.—Monday, P. M.—Arrived at Ramnoscot Hotel. Found it commodious, as advertised; self and family only boarders as yet. Meals excellent for those who are contented with hornpouts and blueberries. Tuesday—Blueberries and hornpouts for breakfast. Landlord says hornpout fishing is abundant. Took a walk—the only thing one is allowed to take in this prohibitory town. Hornpouts and blueberries for dinner. I took a ride in the afternoon; cut myself severely trying to mow. Hornpouts for supper. Wednesday—Tried to play croquet. The set left by last season's guest is imperfect, consisting of one hoop and seven mallets. Hornpout for supper. Thursday—Had a great fight with the mosquitos last night, and should have been vanquished if a large owl had not flown into the room and scared me and the insects into fits. Friday—Chased by a bull, but tripped him up with a stone wall. Saturday—Left.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Do they play tunes on fish-horns," Medora? Certainly they do. They play scales. They also make sounds. One dollar for information, please. No, pay here. Never leave any money at the business office. Why not? Well, if you knew what a rattle the editor had with the business manager every rent day, you wouldn't ask "Why not?" Thanks, but there's fifty cents more now for answering the question about the business manager. The lever that moves the world has to be kept greased some way.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A FRESH article on "Card Etiquette," describing new styles and forms, doesn't inveigh against slipping both bowers and the ace up the coat-sleeve, or discovering a misdeal when your opponent has a lone hand. It must have been an oversight.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN exchange tells us that "poetry is a gift," but notwithstanding this apparently truthful assertion, hundreds of men and women in this suffering country are laboring under the impression that poetry should be paid for.—*Boston Transcript.*

General McClellan criticises the English military movements in Egypt. He says the generals lack decision and do not move quickly enough. General McClellan says that.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SHEEP placed on Key West Island lose their wool in the second year. The climate has the same effect upon them that marriage has upon some men.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

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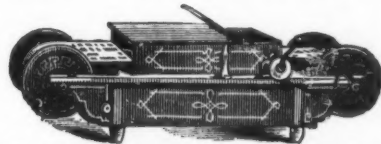
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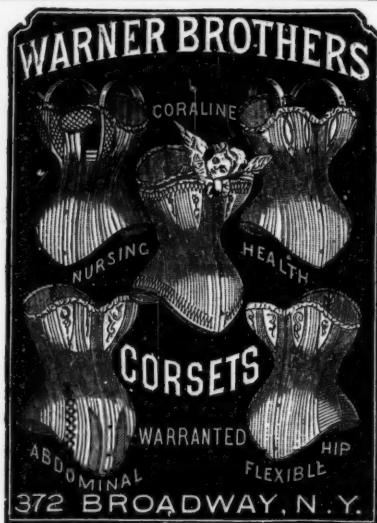
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A MODERN FAUST.

They sat 'neath a tree together,
In the sunlit gardens of Kew,
'Mid the charm of the May-time weather
And the English sky so blue.

From the daisies growing 'round them,
With their faces turned to the sun,
He gathered the largest and fairest,
Then pulled the leaves from one.

"What have you named your daisy?"
She asked with coquettish voice:
"Answer, sir; don't be lazy;
Who is the girl of your choice?"

His black eyes flashed upon her.
"Why, what a question from you!

Un peu; pas de tout; beaucoup;
Ah! the daisy says beaucoup."

"What do you think I have named it?"
He said in tenderest tone:

"Can't you guess the one of all others
I should care to call my own?"

Her eyes looked deep and dreamy,
And her cheeks grew softly red;

"I think you had better tell me,"
She whispered with drooping head.

"Well, if you will know," he answered,
Scattering the petals white:

"It's that black-eyed girl from Boston
I waltzed with twice last night!"

—Our Continent.

To THE traveler through Texas one of the strangest and most popular features of landscape is the razor-back hog. He is of Swiss cottage style of architecture. His physical outline is angular to a degree unknown outside of a text-book on the science of geometry. The country razor-back prowls around in the woods and lives on acorns, pecan nuts and roots; when he can spare time he climbs under his owner's fence and assists in harvesting the corn crop. In this respect he is neighborly to a fault, and, when his duty to his owner's crop will allow, he will readily turn in and assist the neighbors, even working at night rather than see his crop spoil for want of attention. Crossing the razor-back with the blue-blooded stock makes but little improvement. The only effective way to improve him is to cross him with a railroad train. He then becomes an imported Berkshire or Poland-China hog, and, if he does not knock the train off the track, the railroad company pays for him at the rate of one dollar a pound, for which they are allowed the mournful privilege of shoveling the remains off the track. The ham of the country razor-back is more juicy than the hind leg of an iron fire-dog, but not quite so fat as a pine knot.—*Western Ploughman.*

When you hear a young man declare there isn't a girl in the world he would marry do not misjudge him. Probably in his very peculiar circle of lady acquaintances there isn't a girl whom anybody would marry.—*Hawkeye.*

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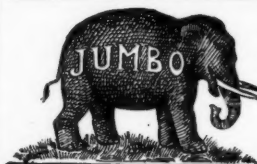
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LARAMIE'S NEW POSTMASTER.

[Boston Herald.]

WASHINGTON, August 29th.—Acting Postmaster-General Hatton has received the following characteristic letter of acceptance from Bill Nye, of the Laramie Boomerang, appointed Postmaster of Laramie by the President, and commissioned to-day:

THE DAILY BOOMERANG,
LARAMIE CITY, WY., August 29th, 1882.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have received the news by telegraph of my nomination and confirmation as postmaster at Laramie, and wish to extend my thanks for the same. I have ordered an entirely new set of boxes and post-office outfit, including new corrugated cuspidors, for the use of the female clerks. I look upon the appointment myself as a triumph of eternal truth over error and wrong. It is one of the epochs, as I may say, in the nation's onward march toward political purity and perfection. I don't know when I have noticed any stride in the affairs of state which so thoroughly impressed me with its wisdom. Now that we are coworkers in the same department, I trust that you will not feel shy or backward in consulting me at any time relative to matters concerning post-office department affairs. Be perfectly frank with me, and feel perfectly free to just bring anything of that kind right to me. Do not feel reluctant because I may appear at times cold and reserved. Perhaps you think I do not know the difference between a general delivery window and a "three-em quad," but that is a mistake. My general information is far beyond those of my years. With profoundest regard, I remain sincerely yours,
BILL NYE, P. M.

It was a splendid idea to send the Philadelphia militia into camp several hundred miles away from the city. The saloon keepers there won't trust them.—Phila. Chronicle-Herald.

A JERSEY milkman turned pale when several of his customers clubbed together and made him a present of a scarf-pin in the shape of a pump.—New York Commercial.

If the portrait of "Mark Twain" in the September Century is a true likeness, the humorist has grown several years younger since 1868.—Norristown Herald.

THE New Haven Register wants some one to erect a statue to an editor. Kill the editor we pick out and the statue shall be forthcoming.—Detroit Free Press.

"I've lived and loved," said an unhappy old maid: "When I was young Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, for tetter, eczema, and pimples on the face, was not to be bought. As I had a rough skin I kept out of company and am now an old maid."

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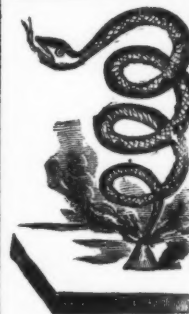
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VIA GREENPOINT.

The steamer SYLVAN GROVE leaves the pier foot of 23d St., EAST RIVER, for the Company's Depot, Greenpoint, connecting with trains for Manhattan Beach, at 8:45, 9:45, 10:45 A. M., and half-hourly from 11:15 A. M. to 9:15 P. M.

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VIA BAY RIDGE.

The steamers D. R. MARTIN and MATTEAWAN leave foot of Whitehall St., terminus of all the Elevated Railroads, 9:10 and half-hourly from 9:10 A. M. to 9:10 P. M.

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